AN: Surprise! You know, I was thinking yesterday about how fun it was to write *The Haiba Mystery*. And, since I'm a glutton for punishment, I decided to create a sequel where I will no doubt be subjected to more pain and anguish. But such is the hard life of Detective TPYMK. Anyway, I hope you enjoy the first part of *The Haiba Mystery II*!

The Haiba Mystery II (Part 1 of 5)

Scene One – Outside Warehouse

(TPYMK walks off into the sunrise, disappearing from sight. Nala is sat on the curb, watching him leave.)

NALA: Goodbye…

(A thin smile crosses her muzzle.)

You sucker.

(Nala climbs to her paws, walking down the curb and rounding a corner that leads into a dark alleyway.)

Scene Two – Dark Alleyway

(Nala walks down the alleyway with an evil smirk on her face. She stops in the centre, as a ghostly figure emerges from the shadows in secrecy. Two blinking red eyes peer at Nala.)

DEATH: Did you do it?

(Nala grins.)

NALA: Yeah. I got rid of him. It was easy.

(Death chuckles.)

DEATH: You have done well, my young apprentice. You are a very talented actor.

NALA: Thank you, sir. I pride myself on my skills. That bothersome little detective had no idea that I was pulling his leg.

DEATH: And that is exactly what I wanted. Now that ThatPersonYouMightKnow is out of the picture, we can finally begin with advancing our plan.

NALA: Even with Don Aibu dead?

DEATH: His death was… a necessary loss. Not to mention the other users. But… there are many more markets than just this city.

(Death raises a paw, revealing a plastic bag filled with a powdery substance clasped in his jagged claws.)

This is our lifeblood. Sumu cannot simply be eradicated like a pest infestation or a treatable virus. It is a plague. None shall be able to stop it as it spreads across the world.

(Nala chuckles.)

NALA: I like the way you think. No one can stop us this time.

DEATH: And certainly not that detective. That is the key to defeating your enemy: make him think that he's won.

(Death holds the bag up in front of his face, eyes glowing brighter.)

He will never know the truth. *No one* will.

To Be Continued…

AN: Bet you didn't expect that, eh? Nala had something to do with it after all! Conspiracies upon conspiracies! This is so mysterious! Oh, dear – it looks like Detective TPYMK isn't around to help anymore! Will he ever find out the truth and discover that the Sumu drug is still very much a rampant problem? Only time will tell, my friends. Only time will tell.

AN: Time for the second part of this sinister sequel! I'm really excited about this story, since I have a lot of ideas for it. I'm actually enjoying a darker script more than a comedic one… but this is a really good story. It's going to be even more emotional for everyone's favourite detective! And now we get to see him again. Yay! Enjoy the script, folks.

The Haiba Mystery II (Part 2 of 5)

Scene One – TPYMK's Living Room

(A modernistic living room in a comfortable-looking house. Sunlight shines in through a large open window, illuminating the interior. Two people walk in, seemingly in the midst of an argument.)

WAZIMU: It is!

TPYMK: It's not!

WAZIMU: It is!

TPYMK: I'm telling you – it's not!

WAZIMU: And I'm telling you it *is*!

(TPYMK – a detective dressed in a beige trenchcoat and a fedora – sits down on a leather sofa, joined by his friend: a lion called Wazimu. He smiles disapprovingly at him.)

TPYMK: Wazimu, you're talking crazy.

(Wazimu smiles back from his spot on the sofa.)

WAZIMU: I'm telling you the truth. The world drugs trade is worth three hundred and twenty-six billion dollars.

TPYMK: You've gotta be making that up.

WAZIMU: Trust me. I'm a chemist – I know these things.

TPYMK: Just because you're a chemist means you know all about drugs?

(Wazimu narrows his eyes.)

WAZIMU: Yeah – that's kind of the point. Were you on some while you were away?

(TPYMK scowls.)

TPYMK: Not likely. I had enough trouble trying to get rid of just *one* drug in that city. God knows what else was left there…

(Wazimu stares at him.)

WAZIMU: You don't say much about what happened there. Why is that?

(TPYMK shuffles awkwardly in his seat.)

TPYMK: It's personal.

WAZIMU: Well, you can tell me – I'm your friend.

TPYMK: I told you: it's personal. That means I like to keep it to myself. No one else needs to know.

WAZIMU: You would have told Haiba.

(TPYMK resists the urge to wince at the mention of his deceased friend.)

TPYMK: Well… he's not here, is he? He's dead.

WAZIMU: Is that it? Were you there when he died?

TPYMK: Not exactly.

(He frowns.)

He died in your alleyway.

WAZIMU: *My* alleyway?

(He then realises.)

Oh – *that*. You can thank my father. He discovered a whole new chemical compound in that alleyway. Back when there were a lot more minerals to be found under the earth. These days, though, it's all covered up with concrete.

TPYMK: There are a lot more chemicals there now, I can tell you.

WAZIMU: Was Haiba on drugs? Is that why you won't tell me?

TPYMK: No, he wasn't on drugs. He's not stupid.

WAZIMU: Then how did he die?

(TPYMK folds his arms, staring at Wazimu.)

TPYMK: Simba killed him.

(Wazimu's eyes widen in surprise.)

WAZIMU: *Simba*? Jeez – I knew the guy was a little rough around the edges, but—

TPYMK: He was a drug addict.

WAZIMU: Addicted to what, though?

TPYMK: Ever heard of something called Sumu?

(Wazimu scoffs, rolling his eyes.)

WAZIMU: Of course I have. It's the worst type of drug you can abuse. Use that stuff and you'll be using it for life.

TPYMK: But *why* is it so addictive?

(Wazimu shrugs.)

WAZIMU: I don't know. It's new. Hard to find, unless you're a dealer. I'd give anything to analyse a piece…

TPYMK: Why is it so hard to find? Where I was, they were practically giving out piles of the stuff for free.

WAZIMU: The dealers keep it safely under wraps. They grab as much of the stuff as they can, and then hoard it for themselves. It's insanely difficult for a normal scientist such as myself to get my paws on some.

TPYMK: So Sumu isn't just confined to one place?

(Wazimu allows a dry laugh to escape his throat.)

WAZIMU: Oh, no. That stuff spreads like wildfire. There's a trade in it all over the world. Rumour has it that it originated in the local jungle outside town.

TPYMK: The local jungle?

WAZIMU: Yeah. I wouldn't be surprised if they held parties there every night. There's always going to be someone dumb enough to try it.

Scene Two – Jungle Path

(Two lionesses walk through a path in the jungle, talking with one another.)

SARAFINA: Sarabi, what are we even doing here?

SARABI: I told you – it's a party.

SARAFINA: Yeah – a party that I can't even *see*. Whose party is this, anyway?

SARABI: It's for anyone. Maji told me about it. Just a bunch of animals getting together and… having a good time, you know?

SARAFINA: What's that supposed to mean?

SARABI: Does it matter? Besides, I think you could use a little fun – especially after what happened with Muerto.

(Sarafina smiles.)

SARAFINA: I suppose you're right. Anything's gotta be better than that creep.

SARABI: Then just relax. Lighten up. No worries.

(Sarafina giggles.)

SARAFINA: Yeah. No worries.

(The two females stride off happily down the path, unaware that they are being watched from the shadows. Evil red eyes shine in the darkness.)

DEATH: Fools. All of them. They will surrender to the Sumu by the end of tonight.

(A voice pipes up from next to Death.)

NALA: I hope so. We can make a killing out of this. Are the dealers in position?

(Death grins, revealing razor sharp fangs.)

DEATH: Of course. No worries about that.

Scene Three – Jungle Clearing

(Sarafina and Sarabi stray from the path and into a large clearing. Sarafina's mouth drops open in amazement.)

SARAFINA: Whoa…

(A bunch of animals of differing species are gathered in the clearing, chatting and laughing. A few are drinking from coconut halves containing alcoholic liquids. Some lions and tigers are sitting to the side of the clearing, looking quite spaced out. But the two lionesses don't notice this. They're far more focused on the two animals in the centre of the clearing.)

SARABI: They look like two weird characters.

(A meerkat and a warthog are gathered in the centre, talking to a circle of animals, who are all eagerly watching them.)

TIMON: I'm telling ya, folks – this is your time! Time to take advantage of this opportunity and try something new! Isn't that right, Pumbaa?

PUMBAA: Oh, yeah, Timon – you'll be able to try things that you've never even thought about trying before.

(A cub raises a paw.)

HILA: Like what?

TIMON: Stuff that makes you go wild. I mean, just look at those guys!

(The circle of onlookers turn their attention to the zoned out lions and tigers lying by the side of the clearing.)

Those guys are having the time of their lives! And all it took was one simple little thing.

(Sarafina and Sarabi join the other animals, watching the odd pair with interest.)

PUMBAA: They're *really* into the party, if you get what I mean.

(Sarafina whispers to her friend.)

SARAFINA: What are they talking about?

(Sarabi shrugs.)

SARABI: I don't know. It looks way cool, though.

TIMON: That's right, Pumbaa. You folks could all be in for the ride of their lives if you try one of our amazing recipes!

(Sarafina raises a paw in curiosity.)

SARAFINA: Recipes? What kind of recipes?

TIMON: Glad you asked, my beautiful lioness friend. These are the type of recipes that make you feel so good that you just forget about everything else!

SARAFINA: You mean like a nice-tasting food?

TIMON: Uh… sorta. But you guys just see for yourselves. Enjoy the party. And remember – if anyone's interested in one of our recipes, all you need to do is ask.

PUMBAA: Yeah – we'll hook you up.

(Timon smiles unpleasantly.)

TIMON: We'll hook you up *real* good. Now, go on: enjoy yourselves! *Hakuna Matata*!

PUMBAA: *Hakuna Matata*!

(The circle of animals split up into different groups and directions. Sarafina and Sarabi are left standing there, smiling.)

SARAFINA: Well, they sure seem nice.

SARABI: Yeah. I think I might try some of those recipes later. What about you?

SARAFINA: Oh… I don't know. I was just hoping to relax for a little bit.

SARABI: You heard 'em – those recipes are *meant* for relaxing.

SARAFINA: Maybe later. I just want a drink or two first.

(Sarabi grins at her friend.)

SARABI: Then let's get this party started!

Two Hours Later…

(Sarafina and Sarabi lay beside each other, giggling with their eyes half-closed. They're obviously drunk. Sarabi is smoking a joint.)

SARABI: You should have fed the guy to a rhinoceros! That's what he deserves, anyway!

(Sarafina laughs even harder.)

SARAFINA: Yeah! Oh, wouldn't that be funny?

(Sarabi nods, taking in a lungful of smoke from the joint.)

SARABI: Those guys were right about these recipes… They're great.

(Sarafina casts a curious glance at the joint.)

SARAFINA: So, uh… what is that thing?

(Sarabi glances at her friend with puffy red eyes.)

SARABI: I don't know – they called it weed or something. Wanna try some?

SARAFINA: I'm not sure… Is it safe?

SARABI: Of course it is. It makes you feel better. Like medicine. And I think you could use some of that right now.

(Sarafina thinks for a moment.)

SARAFINA: Yeah.

(She takes the joint from Sarabi's paw.)

Why not?

(Sarafina lifts the joint to her muzzle, taking a cautious puff from it. She sighs in relaxation, the effects already numbing her mind.)

Oh, God… that feels good.

(Sarabi chuckles.)

SARABI: Told ya. I feel so… relaxed.

(Sarafina takes in a big gulp of smoke this time, obviously enjoying its effects very much.)

SARAFINA: It's like it… takes all my troubles away. I just feel… chilled.

SARABI: Chilled and wasted, baby.

(She bats her friend playfully on the side with a paw. Sarafina continues to smoke the joint, loving every single moment of it.)

SARAFINA: I wish this party would last for ever… I don't want to leave.

SARABI: Maybe we could make it last longer.

SARAFINA: What do you mean?

SARABI: Some of the animals are on even better stuff than that. I heard them talking about it. I bet that meerkat and his friend will give us some.

SARAFINA: What does this stuff do?

SARABI: I don't know. Bet it's cool, though. What do you say?

(Sarafina glances at the joint – which has brought her so much pleasure – and then at her friend.)

SARAFINA: Oh, God, we have to.

SARABI: Then let's do it.

(The two lionesses move to stand up – but two voices stop them in their tracks.)

TIMON: No need to move, ladies! We provide a delivery service for those who just want to relax.

(Sarafina and Sarabi stare at Timon and Pumbaa, who are stood right in front of them.)

SARAFINA: What kind of stuff have you got? Is it better than this?

(She raises the joint she's been smoking, showing it to the two. Timon and Pumbaa grin sinisterly at each other – but the two lionesses are far too intoxicated to pick up on this.)

TIMON: Oh, yeah – we've got stuff better than that. Right, Pumbaa?

PUMBAA: Sure, Timon. We've got stuff ten *times* better than that weed!

SARABI: Then show us. We want to have a good time!

(Sarabi giggles, completely high.)

TIMON: Sure thing, kitty.

(Timon pulls out a plastic bag from behind his back. It's filled with a powdery substance. He pours out the contents onto the ground, forming a medium-sized pile.)

There you go. Fresh pile of Sumu.

SARAFINA: Sumu?

TIMON: Yeah. Best drug— Uh, I mean, *recipe* that's out there. Give us a few hundred dollars and it's all yours.

SARABI: Money?

TIMON: Yeah – we can only afford to give out the weed for free. This is expensive stuff, lady.

(Sarafina almost looks upset.)

SARAFINA: But we don't have any money.

TIMON: Hmm… Well, you'll just have to owe it to us later, then.

SARAFINA: Sure! Anything!

TIMON: Okay, then!

(Timon shakes Sarafina's paw.)

It's a deal!

SARAFINA: Thank you!

(She leans over the pile – but then narrows her eyes in confusion.)

Wait… what do we do with it?

TIMON: Just snort it up your nose – and allow peace to flood your brain. Come on, Pumbaa – there are a few hyenas over there who I think might be good customers.

(The meerkat and the warthog walk off, leaving the two lionesses with the pile of Sumu.)

SARABI: Me first!

(Sarabi lunges at the pile. She snorts some of the Sumu up her nose, immediately smiling as euphoria takes over her mind.)

Oh… yeah…

(She collapses onto her back, tripping out within seconds. Sarafina glances at her friend, then moves her face towards the pile. She snorts a good amount of it, a relaxed smile immediately forming on her face.)

SARAFINA: *Yippee*…

(Sarafina falls onto her back, her pupils dilating. She smiles widely, finally feeling like she has a purpose in the world.

And loving every minute of it.)

To Be Continued…

AN: Poor Sarabi and Sarafina… Two more victims of the Sumu. I really felt for Sarafina in that scene… It's obvious that past events have been hard on her. Plus, Timon and Pumbaa are dealers! I didn't think Death and Nala would deal the Sumu themselves… They prefer to stick to the shadows. However, at least Detective TPYMK is back! Will he be able to save the day this time? Let's hope so.

AN: Time for part three of this dark tale! I think this part is the best so far. It's quite dramatic. But with Detective TPYMK, what do you expect? This breaks the longest script record, too. They keep getting longer!

The Haiba Mystery II (Part 3 of 5)

Scene One – Jungle Clearing

(It's the next morning. A groaning Sarafina rolls onto her side, placing a paw to her forehead, awakening from a deep sleep.)

SARAFINA: Oh… my head… What happened last night?

(Sarafina notices Sarabi lying asleep next to her. She nudges her.)

Sarabi… Sarabi!

(Sarabi awakens with a sudden jolt, looking around in paranoia.)

SARABI: *What?* What is it?

SARAFINA: No, no, Sarabi – it's just me!

(Sarabi soon starts to calm down.)

SARABI: Oh… it's you.

SARAFINA: My brain feels like it's been melted… What did we get up to last night?

(Sarabi laughs.)

SARABI: Don't you remember? We got really drunk and then tried some of those recipes that meerkat gave to us.

(Sarafina suddenly remembers the events of the previous night, and all the joy comes rushing back.)

SARAFINA: Oh, yeah… It was… it was awesome. When I took that Sumu stuff… it was like nothing I'd ever felt before. It felt like… peace. Happiness. I saw so many wonderful things…

SARABI: Me, too.

(Sarafina suddenly starts coughing, sounding quite wheezy.)

You okay, Sarafina?

SARAFINA: Y-yeah… I'm fine. It must have been that weed stuff from last night. I'm probably gonna be coughing like this all morning.

(Sarabi looks around the clearing. Most of the animals are scattered around the area, passed out from a night of drink and drugs.)

SARABI: That was one hell of a party.

SARAFINA: It was the best. You were right to bring me here, Sarabi. I've never felt so happy before in my life. Especially with those recipes. It's funny…

(She looks down at the ground.)

SARABI: What?

SARAFINA: Ever since I took that Sumu stuff, I just feel like I want more. If it's good the first time, imagine how good it'll be the *second* time!

SARABI: I see what you mean… My skin is itching. It feels like it's gonna stay that way unless I get some more.

SARAFINA: I want to feel that way again. Nothing else will ever beat it. I just want to forget everything else… We should ask that meerkat and his friend again. They must have piles of the stuff.

SARABI: But we have to pay for it.

SARAFINA: So? I have a few savings. It's no big deal. Plus, I need it… I won't be able to live without that Sumu. I need more.

SARABI: Yeah. We're entitled to enjoy ourselves. What's the worst that can happen?

Three Months Later…

Scene Two – Jungle Path

(TPYMK grimaces.)

TPYMK: 'Unpleasant' is the word I'd use to describe it.

(TPYMK and Wazimu are stood over the dead body of Sarabi. Her eyes are wide open, and it looks as though she has choked to death on her own vomit.)

WAZIMU: I wish you'd stop calling me out to these crime scenes. I'm a chemist, not a detective.

TPYMK: You're useful when dealing with these kind of cases.

WAZIMU: Shouldn't other police officers be helping you?

TPYMK: I let them have the day off. I prefer working by myself – or with you.

(Wazimu gestures to Sarabi's body.)

WAZIMU: What do you think about it, then?

TPYMK: Death by Sumu. It has to be. Wide eyes, zoned out look, and she choked on her own vomit. Those are the symptoms.

WAZIMU: She didn't leave any of the stuff lying around, did she? I'm still itching to find out what the hell's inside it.

TPYMK: Not from what I can see. However, I wouldn't be surprised if she kept her stash close by. You did say this jungle was supposedly where it originated.

WAZIMU: Well, yeah – but that's just a rumour. It could have come from anywhere.

TPYMK: No. I think it's here. You said there might be parties, right?

WAZIMU: Probably. No one comes into this jungle for a pleasant walk anymore. Any animal could come in and do whatever the hell they like.

TPYMK: Cry, scream… snort an illegal drug. Stuff like that.

WAZIMU: What exactly are you getting at?

TPYMK: If there's a party here, then I want to be a part of it.

WAZIMU: Have you lost your mind?

TPYMK: For investigative purposes, Wazimu. I need to find out who's behind it this time. Originally, I thought Aibu was the one who was in charge. But this time… I'm not so sure. There must be someone above him. The ringleader of the entire trade.

WAZIMU: Well, we're not going to find out by just standing here.

TPYMK: Which is why I'm going to attend one of these parties – or just watch from a tree branch up above. That could work, too.

WAZIMU: And what if you *do* find out who's in charge?

TPYMK: Arrest them, shoot them, fry them in boiling lava… Whatever's necessary.

(He stares off into the distance.)

Luckily, I have the element of surprise…

Later That Night…

Scene Three – Jungle Clearing

(Another party is in full swing, hosted – as usual – by the conniving pair of Timon and Pumbaa. Most of the animals are already intoxicated. One cub runs right through the middle of the clearing, screaming.)

HILA: *I can taste the rainbow!*

(He smacks right into a tree trunk, knocking himself out.)

TIMON: Well, he's sure having a good time. Who wants some more Sumu? The price has gone up, you know! I hope you're working hard to earn more money, folks. This is rare stuff!

(While Timon and Pumbaa deal more drugs to the addicted animals, two lionesses are sat in the corner of the clearing. One of them looks quite miserable.)

MAJI: Damn Sumu's going up in price… I'm never gonna be able to afford my next hit at this rate. It's ridiculous. What do you think, Sarafina?

(Sarafina is the miserable lioness. She is sat up against a tree trunk, looking in a terrible state. Her eyes are bloodshot. Her fur is dishevelled, dirty and scruffy. Several puncture marks are visible all over her forelegs. Months of drug abuse has done this to her.)

SARAFINA: It doesn't matter… We need our fix.

MAJI: How do you even afford it? I've never heard of you having a job – but everyday, you're always the first to buy some Sumu.

SARAFINA: My husband was the worker in the family… I just used the savings I had left over – until they were all gone.

MAJI: Then how do you do it?

SARAFINA: I take what I can find. Sometimes I steal. Anything. I just need the stuff. It makes me happy. I don't see *you* doing anything, either.

MAJI: I do what I have to do. I sell… myself. Most lions are willing. And you know me – I'm irresistible. I barley make enough for the Sumu, though. The next time the price goes up, I'm screwed.

SARAFINA: Have you had any today?

MAJI: I'll get it later. I still have a few joints left. Might as well use them to try and get rid of the cravings. You wanna share one with me?

SARAFINA: I'm fine.

(Sarafina still looks extremely depressed. Maji frowns.)

MAJI: I'm sorry, Sarafina. About Sarabi. But… these things happen. That's the way life is for girls like us.

SARAFINA: It doesn't matter… I'll be fine once I have more Sumu.

(She starts nibbling on her claws. Maji can see that they have already been chewed to pieces. Sarafina's craving is quite serious…)

MAJI: I'll be right back.

(Maji pats her friend comfortingly on the shoulder, before climbing to her paws and heading over to Timon and Pumbaa. The two are selling Sumu like hotcakes. Most of the animals look in a not too dissimilar state to Sarafina. The effects of the drugs have clearly taken hold of them all.)

TIMON: Get your drugs, kids! Get them while they're hot!

(Maji walks over to the duo.)

PUMBAA: What do you want?

MAJI: Sumu, please.

TIMON: Sure thing, pussy.

(Timon pulls out a small bag of Sumu, tossing it at Maji.)

There you go. That'll be a thousand bucks.

MAJI: I… I'll have to pay you it tomorrow. I d-don't have it right now.

TIMON: You'd better pay up by then. Or else.

MAJI: I – I will.

TIMON: Good. Now, get out of here.

(Maji hurries off with the Sumu, a disgusted expression on her face as she sits down next to Sarafina.)

MAJI: I don't believe it! They've even made it smaller! I'm only gonna be trippin' for about an hour!

SARAFINA: I'll have to get mine. I can't go another minute without it.

(Sarafina clambers to her paws, stumbling weakly in the direction of Timon and Pumbaa.)

Two Hours Later…

(Sarafina lets out a sigh of relief as she comes down from a high, slowly sitting up.)

SARAFINA: That's better…

(Sarafina discovers that she has woken up lying in a bush. She blinks a few times, thinking about how things have gone so wrong for her.)

Oh, God…

(She clamps her forepaws over her eyes, sobbing. She soon stops crying, though. Trying to regain whatever scraps of dignity she has left.)

Come on, Sarafina… keep it together.

(Sarafina suddenly pulls a face, a sickening sensation in the pit of her stomach. She hurries off, knowing she's about to vomit.)

Scene Four – Jungle River

(A huge river separates one side of the jungle from the other. It's quaint, peaceful, and untainted by poisonous creatures.

Sarafina throws up into the river, her vomit thick with blood and bile. She continues to puke for about a minute, unaware that she's being watched.)

VOICE: Hey! You all right?

(Sarafina wipes the vomit from her muzzle, turning around to face the speaker.

It's TPYMK.)

SARAFINA: What?

TPYMK: I said, "Are you all right?"

(Sarafina gazes at the mysterious man, narrowing her eyes at him. She scowls.)

SARAFINA: Why do you care?

(TPYMK is stood on the riverbank, watching over the lioness. He takes a few steps towards her.)

TPYMK: I'm smart enough to tell when someone is sick. The vomiting kind of gave it away.

SARAFINA: Look, who the hell are you?

TPYMK: ThatPersonYouMightKnow. What about you?

(Sarafina pauses for a moment, staring into this stranger's eyes. But, for whatever strange reason, she feels like she can trust him.)

SARAFINA: Sarafina.

TPYMK: Sarafina. Nice name. If I had a child, I probably wouldn't have named her that – but it's still nice.

(TPYMK sits down beside the lioness.)

SARAFINA: What are you doing here? Are you on it?

TPYMK: On what?

SARAFINA: Sumu. Don't act like you don't know.

TPYMK: What makes you think I'm acting?

SARAFINA: I can see it in your eyes.

TPYMK: That makes a first. Normally, I'm the best liar around.

SARAFINA: Maybe you just talk to stupid people.

TPYMK: You know, you're incredibly smart for someone who's on drugs. Most Sumu users I met were idiots.

(Sarafina shrugs.)

SARAFINA: I'm more intelligent than I look, I guess.

(She starts coughing again. Her throat sounds like it's completely clogged up with thick slime.)

TPYMK: You don't look well.

SARAFINA: Well done, Sherlock. At least I feel better than I did before.

TPYMK: *Better*? Jeez, I'd hate to see you on a *bad* day.

SARAFINA: The Sumu takes the cravings away. It'll buy me a few more hours before the urge starts up again.

(Another coughing fit attacks the lioness. For once, TPYMK is looking at a Sumu user with sympathy.)

TPYMK: Sounds rough. How long have you been using it for?

SARAFINA: Three months now. I can't stop. I have to use it. Every day. It feels so good…

TPYMK: That stuff's no good for you. It kills people.

SARAFINA: I know… but we all have to make sacrifices for something that we love. Look at me.

(TPYMK stares at her thin, frail body.)

I'm a wreck – but the Sumu is brilliant. I just forget about my problems. All of them.

TPYMK: What's with the marks?

(TPYMK waves a finger in the general direction of the puncture marks on Sarafina's forelegs.)

I haven't seen those on Sumu users before.

(Sarafina glances at the blotchy indents, then back up at the detective.)

SARAFINA: If you *really* want to trip out, then you can *inject* Sumu now.

(TPYMK looks horrified.)

TPYMK: *What*?

SARAFINA: You can buy it in liquid form. Just dab a bit of Sumu on a sharp piece of metal and jab it right into your skin. That's the most expensive kind, though. I only have enough money for the powder.

TPYMK: This is sick.

(Sarafina wretches, supressing the urge to vomit again.)

SARAFINA: You're telling me – but it's worth it.

(TPYMK thinks for a moment, deciding on whether to speak his mind. He does.)

TPYMK: I think I'll just be honest with you. You'll be dead in less than a month if you keep using those drugs.

(Sarafina stares into his eyes.)

SARAFINA: It doesn't matter to me… If I die happy, then so be it. There's nothing left for me in this life. I've already lost one friend. Nothing else can surprise me.

TPYMK: And what did she die of?

(A cold look envelops Sarafina's face.)

SARAFINA: Too much Sumu. She overdosed. Sarabi was always a party animal… She liked having fun. Trying new things. Sometimes that's how I think this all started. We wanted to do something wild.

TPYMK: And *now* look where it's got you. Your fur is dirty, your eyes are red, and…

(He sniffs the air.)

You smell bad. Like, *really* bad. In fact, it's a whole new level of bad that I feel like wearing a gas mask.

(Sarafina shoots him a disapproving look.)

SARAFINA: You're not a very polite man.

TPYMK: I never said I was.

(Sarafina glances aside at the calming waters, moonlight reflecting off the surface. A small, sad frown forms on her face.)

SARAFINA: Sometimes… I wish I could take it all back. There's a part of me – deep down – that feels like I never should have come here. Never should have taken that Sumu.

(She glances down at her dull-looking forepaws.)

Then I wouldn't be like this…

TPYMK: I think you're probably right.

(Sarafina lets out a dry laugh.)

SARAFINA: Yeah… well, there's nothing I can do about it now. I just— *Gah!*

(Sarafina surges forward, vomiting into the river again. TPYMK looks on with concern.)

TPYMK: You okay?

(Sarafina sniffles, resisting the urge to sob or throw herself into the river. She looks at TPYMK with teary eyes, ridding the vomit from her muzzle with a paw.)

SARAFINA: Yeah. I'm fine. I'm…

(Her eyes roll into the back of her head, and she faints. TPYMK sighs.)

TPYMK: Damn it.

The Next Morning…

Scene Five – TPYMK's Living Room

(Sarafina's eyes flicker open. She looks around, only to discover that she is lying on a leather sofa, in a completely different location to the one she's used to.)

SARAFINA: Wh-what?

TPYMK: Morning.

(Sarafina's head jerks up to see TPYMK leaning against the doorway, holding two plastic bottles.)

SARAFINA: Where am I?

TPYMK: My house. Here.

(He throws one of the bottles at Sarafina, who catches it. She stares at it in confusion.)

SARAFINA: What's this?

TPYMK: Chocolate milk. Drink it. You look dehydrated. I guess you don't drink much 'cause you're too busy using Sumu.

(Sarafina takes a sip from the bottle.)

SARAFINA: It's not bad. Come to think of it, I *was* kind of thirsty.

(She glances at TPYMK.)

What am I doing here, anyway? You didn't get me high, did you? You didn't…

(Sarafina's face twists in disgust.)

Oh, God – you didn't take advantage of me, did you?

(TPYMK rolls his eyes.)

TPYMK: I would rather rip out my tongue with a pair of pliers.

SARAFINA: Thank God. I've heard about animals doing that… The parties can get pretty crazy sometimes. My friend Maji would know a lot about it. So, what's the *real* reason I'm here, then?

TPYMK: I want to help you.

(Sarafina's eyes widen.)

SARAFINA: *You* want to help *me*?

TPYMK: Yeah. If you'll help me in return.

SARAFINA: What do you mean?

(TPYMK sits on the sofa opposite the lioness.)

TPYMK: I'm a detective. Trying to get Sumu off the streets.

(Sarafina shuffles backwards nervously, staring at TPYMK with a shocked expression.)

SARAFINA: You're a cop?

(TPYMK raises a hand.)

TPYMK: It's okay – I'm not here to arrest you.

SARAFINA: Then what *do* you want? I know about guys like you – you're not to be trusted.

TPYMK: I said I'd help you. And I will.

SARAFINA: Help me with what?

TPYMK: I'll help you get off the drugs if you help me take down the dealers. How does that sound?

(He takes a sip from his chocolate milk. Sarafina just watches him.)

SARAFINA: What makes you think I want help?

TPYMK: You were crying last night about how you wished you could take it all back. Then you passed out. The Sumu is killing you. You *need* help, Sarafina.

SARAFINA: And what makes you think I'll help you get rid of the dealers? They're the ones that provide me with happiness.

TPYMK: They're criminals. Monsters. You think they'll care if you die because of their drugs? No. They'll just move on to the next customer. Now, do you want my help or not?

(Sarafina thinks for a moment.)

SARAFINA: Fine.

(TPYMK smiles.)

TPYMK: Okay, then. Let's get started. First things first: you need a bath.

Scene Six – Outside TPYMK's House

(Sarafina stands up against a wall, coughing and spluttering as a barrage of water is sprayed all over her.)

SARAFINA: Stop it! I'm clean, already!

(TPYMK is holding a hose in his hands, continuing to direct the water at her.)

I said stop it! Come on!

(TPYMK relents. He turns off the hose, leaving Sarafina drenched.)

TPYMK: There we go. Now you don't smell like a barrel of toxic waste.

(Sarafina frowns, not amused in the slightest. She storms over to him.)

SARAFINA: How was *that* supposed to be a bath? This relationship isn't getting off to a very good start.

TPYMK: There *isn't* a relationship. I treat you like I would a pet. I clean you, feed you, and make sure you don't get into trouble with other animals.

SARAFINA: Gee, thanks.

(The two glare at each other, unaware that an unlikely partnership has just been formed.)

To Be Continued…

AN: So, Detective TPYMK and Sarafina have teamed up. An unlikely partnership, but one that I know I'm going to enjoy. I felt that he needed to interact more personally with one of the users… This should be perfect. Can they take down the dealers? You'll have to wait and find out!

AN: Time for the penultimate – and lengthy – part of this story. It's really going to get interesting now. Hope you enjoy it!

The Haiba Mystery II (Part 4 of 5)

Scene One – Jungle Clearing

(Maji creeps into the clearing, nervously looking around. The place is almost deserted, save for Timon and Pumbaa, who are guarding their precious stash of Sumu. It doesn't take them long to spot the addict.)

TIMON: Morning, kitty. Need another fix?

(Maji weakly nods, shivering and shaking. The cravings are far too much for her to bear. She looks as bad as Sarafina did the previous night.)

MAJI: Yeah… I need it. Quickly.

TIMON: Sure. If you pay us what you owe already – plus interest.

(Maji's eyes widen in surprise.)

MAJI: What?

TIMON: Twelve hundred dollars. You keep missing the payments.

MAJI: But, but… I don't have anything at the moment. Just… just let me have a little more Sumu. I need it.

(Timon smiles at Pumbaa.)

TIMON: What do you know, Pumbaa? She can't pay up. It's been like that for a few days now.

PUMBAA: Yeah, Timon. I think it's about time that we… dealt with her.

TIMON: Just what I was thinking.

(Maji shuffles nervously on her paws.)

MAJI: What are you talking about?

TIMON: Say goodnight, pussy.

(*Thwack!* Maji feels a blow to the top of her head, slumping to the ground in unconsciousness.)

Scene Two – Jungle Path

(TPYMK and Sarafina walk along the path. The detective is keeping a close eye out for anything usual.)

SARAFINA: Just what is your plan, exactly?

TPYMK: I want to find out who these dealers are.

SARAFINA: You won't be able to stop them yourself. You'll be dead within seconds. Trust me, I know.

TPYMK: You don't look dead to me.

SARAFINA: No – but I've seen animals hooked on the stuff who don't have enough cash to pay for it. They're dealt with. Timon and Pumbaa make sure of it.

TPYMK: So you know their names.

SARAFINA: Yeah. So?

TPYMK: You should have told me before.

SARAFINA: Well, I'm still not sure whether I can trust you at the moment. Help or no help, you're still a cop.

(TPYMK stops, turning to the lioness.)

TPYMK: And you'd better help me or I'll throw your druggie butt straight in jail. Then you can slit your own throat when the cravings become too much for you to handle. How does that sound?

(Sarafina stares up at him, growling as TPYMK walks off down the path.)

SARAFINA: So it's blackmail, huh?

TPYMK: Just tell me where to find them. Do they always hang out at the clearing?

SARAFINA: Most of the time. That's where they do their business. Every animal knows to go there if they want their fix. Sumu is popular stuff. Better than weed or meth, that's for sure.

(A hungry expression suddenly forms on her face.)

God, I miss that stuff… What I'd give for a hit right now.

TPYMK: Well, you're not getting any. I want to get that damn drug off the streets. Burn it all. Whatever. I don't care.

SARAFINA: It's not as easy as you make it out to be.

TPYMK: I got rid of it once before. I can do it again.

SARAFINA: And just what is *that* supposed to mean?

TPYMK: I was in another city a few months back. Sumu was pretty rampant there. Aibu was a dealer. One of my old friends was even hooked on the stuff.

SARAFINA: Your friend? What did you do? Help him?

TPYMK: Put a bullet in his head. It was the kindest thing to do.

SARAFINA: How sympathetic.

TPYMK: I rarely show sympathy towards drug users. Most of them are losers.

SARAFINA: Like me, then?

(TPYMK glances at her.)

TPYMK: I said *most* of them.

(Sarafina manages a smile at this.)

SARAFINA: We're coming up to the clearing now. It won't be long before we're there. I hope you're prepared for this.

TPYMK: They don't know about me. I'll just pretend I want to try some. It worked before. You can introduce me – say I'm your friend.

(Sarafina rolls her eyes.)

SARAFINA: If you say so.

Scene Three – Jungle Clearing

(TPYMK and Sarafina enter the clearing, which is now completely devoid of life. Even Timon and Pumbaa's drug stash has disappeared.)

SARAFINA: Huh?

(The lioness looks around in confusion.)

But… I don't get it. They should be here.

TPYMK: Well, they're not. I smell drugs – but I don't see any. What's going on?

SARAFINA: I really don't know. Honestly. They're *always* here!

TPYMK: Can you think of anywhere else they might be? You know – another dealing spot or something like that?

SARAFINA: Look, I said I don't know – the guys just give me my fix, okay?

(She looks aside, muttering to herself.)

Maji would probably know… if she were here.

Scene Four – Desert

(A vast desert. The boiling sunlight shines down on the area, turning up the heat like the best of ovens.

Maji grunts as she is shoved onto the sandy ground by Timon and Pumbaa. She wearily tries to stand up again, but the warthog pushes her face back into the sand.)

TIMON: Chew on that, kitty. It's going to taste a lot better than what's in store for you.

PUMBAA: They're here, Timon.

(The two dealers look up to see two darkened silhouettes stood on the horizon.)

TIMON: Good. They're never late. That's what I love about this job.

(Maji coughs up a mouthful of sand, staring up at the two approaching figures.)

MAJI: Who are they?

TIMON: Keep your mouth shut, you piece of filth.

(Maji does as she's told. The two figures reach Timon and Pumbaa. It's Death and Nala.)

DEATH: What did you summon us for, Timon?

NALA: You know how busy we are back at the lab.

TIMON: This waste of space hasn't been keeping up with her payments. Thinks she can scrape some Sumu off us for free.

(Death raises an eyebrow at the pathetic form of Maji.)

DEATH: *Another* thief? Well… we can't have that, can we?

MAJI: P-please, sir… I can pay. Honest.

DEATH: *Shut up!*

(Death smacks the lioness across the face, sending her crashing into the sand again. She starts to sob.)

I hate people who grovel.

TIMON: So what do we do with her?

DEATH: Nala – pass me the Kifo.

(Nala produces a sharp piece of metal from behind. A glittery purple substance is stuck to the end of it. Death grabs it from her.)

This should take her out.

(Maji crawls to her paws in a desperate attempt to get away. Death walks over to the lioness, grabbing her by the back of the neck.)

Get over here, you dirty waste.

MAJI: *No! Please! I'll do anything!*

(Death punches her in the face, knocking her onto her back. Her nose starts bleeding. He jabs the shard of metal into one of her forelegs. She cries out in pain.)

Ah! No… no…

(Her eyes flicker for a moment, and then shut. She's dead within seconds.)

DEATH: That takes care of that.

(He turns to the meerkat and the warthog, throwing the piece of metal into the sand.)

Take care of her body. Bury it under the sand.

TIMON: Yes, sir. Anything.

(His red eyes burn into the dealer's soul.)

DEATH: The number of paying customers is unacceptable, Timon. I want *double* the amount of users by next week. And they'd better have the money, too.

TIMON: Of course, sir.

DEATH: I'll be sending another batch of Sumu over tonight. You'd better start selling it. *Quickly*. 'Cause if you don't, I can replace you. Easily.

(He glances at the dead body of Maji. A potential warning to the two dealers.)

Get to work.

(He walks off into the desert sands, accompanied by Nala. Timon and Pumbaa watch them leave.)

Scene Five – Jungle Path

(TPYMK is sitting down on a large rock, looking noticeably bored. He checks his watch, sighing just as Sarafina steps out from a bush.)

SARAFINA: I can't find any sign of her. It's like she's just vanished.

(TPYMK stands up.)

TPYMK: Forty-eight minutes.

(Sarafina just stares.)

SARAFINA: What?

TPYMK: You were gone for forty-eight minutes. What exactly were you doing?

SARAFINA: I was, uh… looking for Maji.

TPYMK: You smell like pot.

(Sarafina laughs, shooting him a funny look.)

SARAFINA: What are you talking about, man? I haven't done any—

(TPYMK scowls, plucking something from behind Sarafina's ear. It's a joint.)

TPYMK: I don't believe you. We're conducting an investigation here, and the first thing you decide to do is get high? I thought you wanted help off the drugs!

SARAFINA: Hey, I need something to get rid of the cravings. If I don't have weed, it's gotta be Sumu. The urge is like nothing you can imagine.

TPYMK: Ever heard of something called willpower? *Use* it!

(He throws the joint to the ground, stamping it to pieces.)

SARAFINA: Hey – that was my last one!

TPYMK: I don't care! You are *not* taking any more drugs. I won't have it. But then, knowing an idiot like you, you'll probably snort more Sumu as soon as I turn my back. That's how stupid you are!

SARAFINA: Oh, blow me!

(TPYMK gives her a "*Who do you think you're talking to?*" look.)

TPYMK: Excuse me?

SARAFINA: You heard me. Why do you gotta be so uptight all the time?

TPYMK: Because this is important. I bet you didn't even bother to look, did you?

SARAFINA: I *did*, actually. Maji wasn't home, or at the clearing. I can't think of anywhere else she would've gone.

TPYMK: You're sure?

SARAFINA: *Yes*! Now, what the hell else are we supposed to do? Timon and Pumbaa should be here by now.

TPYMK: They're obviously doing *something* important. Perhaps cultivating more of that filthy drug, perhaps?

(Sarafina shakes her head.)

SARAFINA: Nah – they're not cooks. They just deal the stuff.

TPYMK: 'Cooks'?

(The lioness rolls her eyes.)

SARAFINA: Cooks make the Sumu. Dealers *deal* the Sumu. Get it?

TPYMK: So where is it made?

SARAFINA: I don't know. I just use the stuff – I don't care where it comes from.

TPYMK: Then you'll have to find out.

SARAFINA: What?

TPYMK: I want you to find out where the Sumu is made. Go to the party tonight and find out. Then come back to my place tomorrow morning and tell me.

(TPYMK starts to walk off. Sarafina hurries after him.)

SARAFINA: Hey! Wait, wait! How am I supposed to do that?

(TPYMK turns back to her.)

TPYMK: Butter them up.

SARAFINA: Jesus – how gay are you?

TPYMK: I mean get on their good side. Get them drunk, or high. I don't care. Anything that will cause them to spill crucial information.

SARAFINA: Why don't you do it?

TPYMK: They know you. You're a user. They're not just going to listen to some new kid on the block. You have experience. *That's* why.

(Sarafina sighs.)

SARAFINA: Fine. I'll do it.

TPYMK: Good. And don't get high, either.

(TPYMK strides off down the path, leaving Sarafina on her own.)

SARAFINA: Hey, whatever, man! You know, you suck!

TPYMK: And you're a loser!

(He rounds a corner, vanishing from sight. Sarafina scowls.)

SARAFINA: Jerk.

Later That Night…

Scene Six – Jungle Clearing

(Another drug-fuelled party is taking place. As usual, Timon and Pumbaa are selling more drugs to the addicted animals.)

TIMON: New batch of Sumu, folks! Fresh from the lab!

PUMBAA: Inject or snort – it's your choice!

(Sarafina is stood in the middle of the clearing, watching the dealers sell their product.)

VOICE: Hey, Sarafina!

(The lioness whips round to see a cub striding over to her.)

SARAFINA: Hey, Moto! How's it hanging?

(Moto and Sarafina bump their forepaws together.)

MOTO: I'm good. Just been smokin' a few joints with Hila. What about you?

(Sarafina thinks up a lie – but there is a truth buried within it.)

SARAFINA: I wanted to buy some Sumu.

MOTO: Lucky girl. I haven't been able to afford it for three days now. The joints barely keep me goin'. I'm gonna eat my own claws if these cravings don't stop soon. Think you could share a little with your old pal, Moto, huh?

(Sarafina notices the cub is shaking. The cravings are obviously tough on the guy. She feels a pang of sympathy.)

SARAFINA: Oh, I don't know, Moto. Maybe later.

MOTO: That's cool. See ya.

(The cub bounds off. Sarafina pushes past the line of animals, striding over to Timon and Pumbaa.)

TIMON: Well, if it isn't the little Pussy-Whip herself. What can we do you for?

(Sarafina speaks with confidence. She knows her daily routine.)

SARAFINA: The usual.

(Timon turns to his friend.)

TIMON: Bag of Sumu, Pumbaa. Make it snappy.

PUMBAA: Sure thing, Timon.

(Pumbaa reaches into the stash behind and tosses a small bag of Sumu at the meerkat.)

TIMON: There you go, kitty.

(He throws the bag at Sarafina. She catches it.)

SARAFINA: Thanks, Timon.

TIMON: That'll be a grand.

SARAFINA: Oh, yeah, sure. But, say, uh… do you want a drink first?

(Timon looks up at her.)

TIMON: Why do you ask, Pussy-Whip?

(Sarafina smiles seductively at him.)

SARAFINA: I… like you. Thought we could, you know, chat for a little while. What do you say?

TIMON: Sorry. Too busy. Gotta sling all this Sumu by tomorrow morning.

(Sarafina leans in close, whispering into Timon's ear.)

SARAFINA: I sort of have an attraction to smaller guys. They usually make up for their size in… *other* ways, if you get what I mean.

(Timon smiles slyly at the lioness.)

TIMON: Pumbaa, take over for a few minutes. I'm going for a drink.

Forty Minutes Later…

Scene Seven – Bushes

(Sarafina and Timon lay beside each other on a small path of land surrounded by tall bushes. They're panting, clearly having been up to something quite passionate earlier…)

TIMON: Wow, that was good. You're not useless after all.

(Sarafina smiles at the meerkat, lifting a joint to her muzzle. She takes a puff from it.)

SARAFINA: No problem.

TIMON: Guess you can have that Sumu for free now. It'd be a shame to make a pretty lioness like you pay for it after providing such a good 'service' for me.

SARAFINA: Thanks. You're not so bad at servicing yourself.

(She strokes the meerkat softly on the chest. She takes the joint out of her mouth.)

Here… relax.

(Sarafina sticks the joint in Timon's mouth. He gladly smokes it, uncomplaining.)

TIMON: Pumbaa's gonna kill me for this. Still, who cares when you're high, right?

(Sarafina giggles.)

SARAFINA: Exactly.

(She pauses for a moment.)

So, uh… where do you guys get this stuff from? I mean, it's just so perfect. It's gotta come from some special place, huh?

(Timon inhales a cloud of smoke.)

TIMON: We just get it brought over from across the desert. They make the stuff at some lab over there.

(He smiles.)

Hey – why don't we use some Sumu *together*? It'll be fun.

SARAFINA: Sure. Just one more thing, though.

TIMON: What?

(Sarafina socks Timon across the face, knocking him out in an instant. She climbs to her paws, coughing a little.)

SARAFINA: The sex sucked, by the way.

(Sarafina grabs the bag of Sumu with her teeth and walks off, leaving the unconscious meerkat behind.)

Scene Eight – Outside TPYMK's House

(Sarafina knocks on the front door of TPYMK's house, still with the bag of Sumu in her mouth. She spits it out into her paw, looking impatient.)

SARAFINA: Come on, fleabag. Open up.

(TPYMK opens the front door, looking at Sarafina in confusion.)

TPYMK: Do you have *any* idea what time it is? I told you to come back—

(He then notices the bag of Sumu held in Sarafina's paw.)

Where did you get that from?

SARAFINA: I'll explain later. You got any more of that chocolate milk?

(TPYMK stares at her for a moment.)

TPYMK: I think you'd better come inside.

Scene Nine – TPYMK's Kitchen

(Sarafina is sat at a table in the kitchen, looking out of place with all the clean furniture and appliances. TPYMK slides a bottle of chocolate milk towards her, drinking from a bottle of his own.)

SARAFINA: Thanks.

(She takes a sip from it. TPYMK leans against the table, staring at the bag of Sumu placed on the centre.)

TPYMK: How did you get it?

SARAFINA: I buttered them up, like your prissy butt told me to.

TPYMK: Surprised you didn't use it.

SARAFINA: Fine – be insulting about it.

TPYMK: So you talked them into giving you that?

(Sarafina thinks for a moment.)

SARAFINA: Sort of. Only took about an hour. Thought I might as well pay you a visit early.

(TPYMK sniffs the air.)

TPYMK: I smell weed.

SARAFINA: Hey, you try hanging around two hundred pounds' worth of stink while trying to find out where Sumu is made. The smell rubs off on you.

TPYMK: You didn't get high?

(Sarafina looks perfectly innocent.)

SARAFINA: Not at all.

TPYMK: All right – where do they make Sumu, then?

SARAFINA: Across the desert. That's where the lab is.

TPYMK: Ten miles north of the jungle, then. Seems like a pretty secluded place to hide a Sumu lab: right in the middle of nowhere. These guys are a lot smarter than the ones I met before.

SARAFINA: The stuff is better, too.

(Sarafina taps the bag of Sumu, smiling. TPYMK frowns disapprovingly.)

Sorry.

TPYMK: I'm not gonna be able to take them down by myself this time. I need help.

SARAFINA: Well, *I'm* not helping you kick their butts. That's *your* problem.

TPYMK: You help me with whatever I ask you to – or I won't give you any help with getting clean.

SARAFINA: Yes, sir, Adolf.

(TPYMK rolls his eyes.)

TPYMK: You've got a serious attitude problem.

SARAFINA: Look, just tell me what the plan is from here.

(TPYMK picks up the bag of Sumu, turning it over in his hands.)

TPYMK: I have a friend who's a chemist. He should be able to analyse this and tell us what's in it.

SARAFINA: What do you want to know that for?

TPYMK: Because we should be familiar with what we're dealing with. It's the only way we'll be able to stop these manufacturers – whoever they are.

(TPYMK dumps the bag back down on the table.)

I just hope he's up.

SARAFINA: Yeah – otherwise I might just hang myself.

To Be Continued…

AN: Did you enjoy that? It's getting pretty dark. Poor Maji. Death and Nala are still sticking to the shadows… What are they up to? Detective TPYMK will have to figure it out. But will Sarafina cooperate? That is the question… However, all shall be revealed soon. Tune in next time for the final part of *The Haiba Mystery II*!

AN: Time for the final part of this exciting – and, in my opinion, superior – sequel! How will this all end? Read on and find out…

The Haiba Mystery II (Part 5 of 5)

Scene One – TPYMK's Living Room

(Wazimu frowns, holding the bag of Sumu right up to his nose.)

WAZIMU: You know, waking me up at this hour suddenly seems like a good thing after all.

(TPYMK is stood behind Wazimu, his arms folded. Sarafina is sat on the sofa.)

TPYMK: So can you analyse it?

WAZIMU: Yeah – but first, where'd you get it from?

TPYMK: My, um… *partner* here managed to procure some.

(He gestures in the direction of Sarafina. Wazimu stares at her.)

WAZIMU: Sure smells like it.

SARAFINA: Screw you.

WAZIMU: Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?

SARAFINA: My mother's dead.

WAZIMU: Charming.

(Wazimu raises the bag.)

Okay, then. I'll take this back to the lab and see what we can find. Should be interesting.

TPYMK: How long is it going to take? We're pretty desperate here.

WAZIMU: All right. I'll work through the night. I should be able to get some results to you in the morning. How does that sound?

TPYMK: Thank you, Wazimu.

WAZIMU: Sure thing, buddy. Good thing you've got me around.

(He turns to leave – but stops, whispering into TPYMK's ear.)

Oh, and, one word of advice: I'd ditch the druggie, if I were you.

(TPYMK shrugs.)

TPYMK: It's complicated.

(Wazimu doesn't look too convinced.)

WAZIMU: If you say so. See you tomorrow.

(He leaves the living room. TPYMK and Sarafina are alone.)

SARAFINA: He didn't like me. Typical for people to be judgemental.

TPYMK: That's 'cause he had every right to be judgemental. You're a drug addict. What else are people supposed to think?

SARAFINA: Hey – I helped you out!

TPYMK: Duly noted – but you're still an addict.

SARAFINA: And you're not doing much about that. Oh, and just where *is* this 'magical help' that you promised me?

TPYMK: You'll get it once you help me take care of these dealers.

SARAFINA: And then what? You gonna walk across water and bless me with your touch? Is that how you're going to cure me?

TPYMK: I'll take you to a meeting, or something.

SARAFINA: A meeting? Believe it or not, Jesus, it's going to take a lot more than sitting in a circle and talking about my life to stop me doing Sumu. I ain't got time for that trash. I'd rather eat my own toenail clippings.

(TPYMK sits down beside her.)

TPYMK: You have a really colourful way with words, you know that? If you don't want my help, just say. I can throw you in jail and get rid of you, then. Makes my life a whole lot easier.

(Sarafina growls at him.)

SARAFINA: Whatever. Just tell me what we're going to do next.

TPYMK: Nothing.

SARAFINA: What?

TPYMK: Nothing. Not until Wazimu comes back with the results. So, just get a good night's sleep, and then we can figure things out in the morning.

(TPYMK walks out.)

SARAFINA: You got a blanket?

(Something is thrust into Sarafina's face. She looks at it.)

This is a towel.

TPYMK: Keep it.

SARAFINA: Wow. Thanks, dummy!

TPYMK: No problem!

(TPYMK disappears up a staircase.)

SARAFINA: Fleabag.

(Sarafina shrouds herself in the towel, getting comfortable on the sofa. She sticks a claw into her ear, pulling something out.

A small white lump of powder is revealed. It's obviously been extracted from the bag of Sumu that she brought into the house.

Sarafina snorts the small quantity of powder from her claw, smiling as she drifts off into a high.)

Scene Two – Bushes

(Timon groggily wakes up, confused and disoriented from both the blow to the head and the drugs he's taken.)

TIMON: Oh… what the…?

(Timon looks around. Suddenly, it all comes rushing back to him.)

Damn it!

(He hits the ground in fury.)

That goddamn pussy!

(He clambers to his feet, stumbling off in the direction of the clearing.)

Scene Three – Jungle Clearing

(Timon storms into the clearing, heading right for Pumbaa, who is standing protectively in front of the stash.)

PUMBAA: Timon? Where the hell have you been?

TIMON: That damn lioness tricked me!

PUMBAA: You mean that one from last night?

TIMON: She slept with me – and then she knocked me out!

PUMBAA: What'd she do that for?

TIMON: I think she wanted something. I… I think I…

(He winces in despair.)

Oh, God…

PUMBAA: What?

TIMON: I told her where the lab was.

PUMBAA: You *what*?

TIMON: She got me high! I don't know – I wasn't thinking straight!

PUMBAA: That doesn't matter! The boss is gonna *kill* us if he finds out!

TIMON: He *won't* find out.

PUMBAA: Why not?

TIMON: Just, just shut up for a second, will ya? I'm thinking…

(He pauses for a moment, running through potential options in his head.)

Now, let's see… That chick has gotta come back for some more Sumu, right?

PUMBAA: Yeah.

TIMON: So we wait for her to come back, and then we kill her.

PUMBAA: Kill her? How?

TIMON: I don't know. Shoot her, smash her head in with a rock; I don't care. Whatever it takes! Then we bury her in the desert, and she'll be just like all the other losers there. No one will ever have to know.

PUMBAA: Sounds like a good plan to me.

TIMON: It *is* a good plan. All we have to do is bide our time. She will come back. She *has* to.

The Next Morning…

Scene Four – TPYMK's Living Room

(TPYMK walks into the living room, carrying two bottles of chocolate milk.)

TPYMK: I hope you're up. It's— Oh, my God.

(Sarafina is lying on the floor, positioned on her side. There is a pool of vomit all over the wooden floorboards next to her mouth. TPYMK drops the bottles. He rushes to her side, shaking her.)

Sarafina! Sarafina – wake up!

(Her eyes flicker open.)

SARAFINA: Yo… what?

(TPYMK grits his teeth at her.)

TPYMK: You got high *again*?

(Sarafina glances at the vomit, sighing.)

Jesus Christ… What is the matter with you?

(The lioness slinks back onto the sofa.)

SARAFINA: It was only a little bit.

(TPYMK can't help but laugh.)

TPYMK: Oh – it was only a little bit! Well, that makes it all better! Come on, Sarafina – aren't you better than that? You would have choked on your own vomit if you didn't roll onto your side.

SARAFINA: What?

TPYMK: It's a first aid rule. If someone is vomiting in their sleep, turn them onto their side and it'll stop them from choking. But you didn't know that. You were too high. I could have found you *dead* this morning.

SARAFINA: So what? It's not like I care whether I live or die.

TPYMK: Don't you realise that you have so much to live for? You have *so much*! Those drugs are not helping. How many times do I have to say it?

SARAFINA: You don't know how much I've lost!

TPYMK: I think you'll find that—

(The phone suddenly starts ringing. TPYMK walks over to answer it.)

Hello?

(Wazimu's voice can be heard on the other end.)

WAZIMU: The analytic results came back.

TPYMK: Yeah. And?

WAZIMU: You're not gonna believe this.

TPYMK: Why? What is it?

WAZIMU: I'll be over in twenty minutes. I'll tell you then.

TPYMK: Okay. Bye.

WAZIMU: Bye.

(TPYMK turns to Sarafina.)

SARAFINA: Who was it?

TPYMK: Wazimu. He's done with the tests. Now maybe we can finally figure out what's inside that Sumu.

SARAFINA: Good. I got laid for that stuff…

TPYMK: Sorry?

SARAFINA: I had to sleep with one of the dealers to find out where the lab was.

TPYMK: You *slept* with one of the dealers?

SARAFINA: Hey – you said to 'butter 'em up'. So I did. A goddamn meerkat...

TPYMK: How would that even work?

SARAFINA: It's easier than it looks... Not very big, though.

TPYMK: I *really* don't want to know—

SARAFINA: It was like an onion. It made me want to cry.

TPYMK: Okay – that's enough. Sometimes I wish you'd just keep your mouth shut for once.

SARAFINA: And I wish *you* would jump into a river and drown!

TPYMK: Oh, shut up.

SARAFINA: Yeah, whatever. One day maybe you'll get that stick out of your butt and lighten up a little.

TPYMK: This is *important work*. We have to—

SARAFINA: There's no 'we', fleabag. I did my part of the job.

TPYMK: Not very morally, though. You slept with a *meerkat*, for God's sake! And every time my back is turned, you keep getting high off that trash!

SARAFINA: It's the only thing that keeps me happy!

TPYMK: You really are a waste of space. Don't you ever think about anything else other than using drugs?

SARAFINA: At least I know how to have fun!

TPYMK: At least I'm not going to throw my life down the drain! You goddamn junkie loser!

(Sarafina growls, shoving TPYMK hard. He crashes back against a wall, staring at her in shock.)

You little...

(TPYMK slaps her across the face. Sarafina rakes her claws down his chest, causing him to cry out in pain and fall to the floor.)

SARAFINA: Serves you right, you sack of scum! I'm outta here.

(Sarafina storms out. TPYMK can hear the front door slamming shut as he climbs to his feet.)

TPYMK: Goddamn it...

(He examines the bloody gashes running down his chest.)

Can this get any worse?

(A picture of Haiba on the wall falls over, smashing into pieces upon hitting the floor.)

Great.

Fifteen Minutes Later…

(TPYMK holds a broom in his hands, sweeping the shards of glass into the corner. Wazimu enters, holding a piece of paper and the bag of Sumu in his teeth. He dumps them on a nearby table.)

WAZIMU: What happened to you?

(TPYMK notices that he's staring at the deep claw marks on his chest.)

TPYMK: It's a long story.

WAZIMU: Where's Junkie Girl gone to, then?

TPYMK: She ran off.

WAZIMU: Ran off? Why, you have an argument?

(TPYMK rests the broom against the wall, sitting down on the sofa.)

TPYMK: Something like that.

WAZIMU: She clawed you across the chest?

TPYMK: You know what addicts are like – all over the place with their emotions.

WAZIMU: Obviously.

(He jerks a claw in the direction of the table.)

Anyway, I got the results.

TPYMK: So what's in the stuff?

WAZIMU: Well…

(Wazimu grabs the piece of paper from the table, joining TPYMK on the sofa.)

It's like a mixture. You've got your usual hard drugs – methamphetamine and cocaine – in there. Bit of marijuana, too. Plus snake venom.

TPYMK: *Snake venom*?

WAZIMU: Yeah – induces temporary paralysis while they're high.

(Wazimu glances at the sheet of paper.)

Oh, and snot, too. Guess that gives it a spicy kick.

TPYMK: That can't be it.

WAZIMU: Nope. There's one more thing in there, and it just *baffles* me.

TPYMK: What?

WAZIMU: Kifo.

TPYMK: Kifo? What's that?

WAZIMU: In English, it means 'Death'. And for good reason.

TPYMK: 'Cause it kills you, right?

WAZIMU: Yep.

TPYMK: Then why aren't all the users dropping down dead?

WAZIMU: It's only instantly fatal when it isn't tainted. In the Sumu, it's been mashed together with all kinds of different chemicals. Therefore, instead of killing a user outright, it gets them insanely high.

TPYMK: And it's addictive, right?

WAZIMU: Yeah, for sure. You won't find anything more addictive than this. And it's always fatal, regardless of the chemical alterations.

TPYMK: I know. When I was away, they were dying after just a few days.

(He looks aside.)

But Sarafina said months…

WAZIMU: Huh?

TPYMK: Sarafina. She said she'd been using Sumu for over three months.

WAZIMU: Well, that's where it gets interesting. Obviously, someone is tampering with the formula. They could be adding any number of chemicals in order to increase the longevity of the Sumu.

TPYMK: So how long could a user last before dying?

WAZIMU: About four or five months. Roughly.

TPYMK: Jesus – they'll do anything for more money.

(A thought suddenly occurs to him.)

Hang on – I was told that Sumu was excreted by some kind of creature.

WAZIMU: Then they were lying. This is a scientifically accurate and perfected drug manufactured by chemical experts. I wouldn't be surprised if these guys had four or five cooks working for them.

TPYMK: Good thing I know where their lab is, then.

(TPYMK gets up, starting for the doorway.)

WAZIMU: How'd you figure that out?

TPYMK: Junkie Girl, remember? I've gotta find her first.

WAZIMU: She's a waste of space, you know that, right?

TPYMK: But a useful one!

(TPYMK leaves through the front door.)

Scene Five – Bushes

(Sarafina and Moto lay amongst the bushes, both smoking joints.)

SARAFINA: You were *so* much better than Timon, Moto.

(Moto chuckles.)

MOTO: You're telling me. I've never heard someone scream so loudly before.

SARAFINA: Yeah, well… I was screwing the pain away.

MOTO: Pain? What pain?

(Sarafina takes a long drag from her joint, staring up at the sky.)

SARAFINA: Do you ever wonder what the meaning of life is, Moto?

MOTO: Why do you ask?

(Sarafina giggles.)

SARAFINA: I don't know – I'm so high right now.

MOTO: Well…

(The cub smiles.)

I know *exactly* what the meaning of life is.

(Sarafina turns her head to look at him.)

SARAFINA: What's that?

MOTO: Fun.

(She smirks.)

SARAFINA: I like the sound of that.

(The two of them start to kiss.)

MOTO: Mmm…

(*Bang!* A sudden gunshot tears through the air.)

TIMON: Were we interrupting something, lovebirds?

(Sarafina and Moto scramble to face Timon and Pumbaa. The meerkat is wielding a pistol.)

SARAFINA: Oh, God.

(Timon points the gun at Sarafina's head.)

TIMON: Did you think you could escape me, Pussy-Whip? Just run off without any consequences?

MOTO: Hey, you think you could get that gun out of my face?

PUMBAA: Shut it.

MOTO: *You* shut it, warthog. I'll shoot you through the head.

TIMON: The only shooting you do is into a Kleenex. Shut up.

(Moto keeps quiet after this.)

Let's go, Pussy-Whip. I think it's about time we had a little chat.

(Timon gestures with his gun for her to follow them.

Sarafina silently obeys, climbing to her paws. The three of them leave the area. Moto sits alone.)

MOTO: Damn it…

(Moto then notices that he's still holding his joint.)

Screw it…

(He takes a hit, sighing in relaxation.)

Yeah… that's good.

Scene Six – Jungle Path

(Sarafina is pushed along the path by Timon and Pumbaa.)

SARAFINA: Look, what the hell do you want from me?

TIMON: Shut up, Pussy-Whip. I know what you were up to last night. Screwing me and getting me high just so I'd tell you where the lab is.

SARAFINA: I don't know what you're talking about.

TIMON: Don't act dumb, kitty. Are you a cop – or a fed? Is that it?

SARAFINA: I don't have nothing to do with those scumbags, all right? I just wanted a good time.

TIMON: Well, you'll be having *more* than a good time after I'm finished with you.

SARAFINA: What's that supposed to mean?

TIMON: Just keep moving. You'll find out soon enough.

(Timon brushes aside a low branch, nudging Sarafina forwards.)

Scene Seven – Jungle River

(They arrive at the river where Sarafina and TPYMK first met. Timon ushers her towards the riverbank.)

TIMON: Pumbaa, guard the opening. I'm gonna take care of this little *danguro*.

PUMBAA: Sure, Timon.

(Pumbaa disappears back into the trees, leaving Sarafina alone with the psychotic meerkat.)

SARAFINA: What do you want? You gonna kill me? Is that it?

(Timon points his gun at her chest.)

TIMON: Lie down. On your back.

(Sarafina doesn't move. Timon starts to lose his patience.)

Lie down!

(She rolls her eyes and lies down on her back, unsure of what's in store for her.)

SARAFINA: What are you doing?

(Timon leaps on top of Sarafina, glowering at her.)

TIMON: I'm gonna teach you a lesson, Pussy-Whip.

(He smiles, eyes glinting with lust.)

You know, I don't call you that for nothing…

(His gaze falls downwards. Sarafina tries to break away, but Timon quickly thrusts the gun in her face.)

SARAFINA: No!

TIMON: *Keep your mouth shut!* I wanna enjoy this. I'm gonna make you scream in a different way…

SARAFINA: Don't! Please!

TIMON: Why not? You're doing it with everyone else. I deserve just as much as them…

(He takes a deep sniff of her fur. Sarafina recoils in disgust.)

SARAFINA: You're such a rat. Why are you doing this?

TIMON: No one can know what I told you. Good thing you're the only one. If anyone else knew, I'd have to go after them, too…

SARAFINA: Why's it so important?

TIMON: My boss is a perfectionist… He works in secret. Can't have anyone knowing his secrets… Once I'm done with my fun, you're gonna be buried six feet beneath the sand, Pussy-Whip. No one's ever going to find you…

(He grins.)

Enough talk. Let's get down to business.

SARAFINA: Don't do it!

TIMON: Shut up.

(Timon leans downwards.)

SARAFINA: *No!*

(*Bang!*)

TIMON: Huh?

(Timon turns around to see what the commotion is.)

What the—

(*Clonk!* Sarafina watches as Timon crumples to the ground, knocked out.

TPYMK is revealed standing over the meerkat's body, wielding a long beam of metal.)

TPYMK: Are you all right?

(Sarafina stares blankly at him. She notices Pumbaa's dead body lying a few feet away by the trees, shot right through the head.)

Sarafina – are you all right?

(Sarafina nods, still in shock. TPYMK pulls her to her paws.)

Come on. We should get out of here.

(TPYMK and Sarafina walk off into the trees. She looks up at the detective.)

SARAFINA: Thank you.

Scene Eight – Jungle Path

(TPYMK leans back against a tree, while Sarafina is sat on a rock, composing herself.)

SARAFINA: How did you find me?

TPYMK: I had a feeling you wouldn't stray too far from the clearing. Especially with those two monsters hanging around.

SARAFINA: I've never been so scared in my life.

TPYMK: Good thing I found you when I did.

(Sarafina looks aside for a moment.)

SARAFINA: Yeah – thanks, again. Oh, and I'm, uh… sorry about… *that*.

(She points at the claw marks running down his chest.)

TPYMK: Don't worry about it. It'll heal.

(Sarafina takes a deep breath.)

SARAFINA: So… what now?

TPYMK: I know what's in the Sumu. I think we have a chance of figuring this all out if we can somehow break into that lab. We'll have to scope it out first, though.

SARAFINA: *Today*?

(TPYMK shakes his head.)

TPYMK: No. Not today. I think we *both* need a break.

(Sarafina nods.)

SARAFINA: Yeah.

TPYMK: So, uh… cheeseburger?

(She smiles.)

SARAFINA: I'd like a cheeseburger. With some chocolate milk on the side.

(TPYMK smiles back at her.)

TPYMK: Let's go home.

(And so the detective and the lioness stride off down the jungle path.

A rare moment of happiness between the two.)

The End

AN: Hmm… This story doesn't seem to be finished yet. Even though it's my longest script. I wonder why that is? Well, since I knew this story couldn't be contained in five parts, I've decided to commission a series.

Yes. You heard me right. I'm going to be writing a thirteen-part series called *Poison*, leading on from the end of this script. These will be stories, not scripts, too. I think we'll be able to enjoy them a lot more that way. Excited? I hope so, 'cause I sure am! Leave your fan-squeals in excited reviews below…